

MARY MARIE

By Eleanor H. Porter

Illustrations by R. H. Livingstone

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CHAPTER VII—Continued.

"I say I don't believe you appreciate my mother. You acted right now as if you didn't believe she meant it when I told you she was glad you had found an estimable woman to make a home for you. But she did mean it, I know, because she said it before, once, last year, that she hoped you would find one. Yes, and that isn't all. There's another reason why I know Mother always has—has your best interest at heart. She—she tried to make me over into Mary before I came, so as to please you."

"She did what?" Once more he made me jump, he turned so suddenly, and spoke with such a short, sharp snap.

But in spite of the jump I went right on, just as I had before, firm and decided. I told him everything—all about the cooking lessons, and the astronomy book we read an hour every day, and the pink silk dress I couldn't have, and the self-discipline. And how she said if she'd had self-discipline when she was a girl, her life would have been very different.

I talked very fast and hurriedly. I was afraid he'd interrupt, and I wanted to get in all I could before he did. But he didn't interrupt at all. He



"And So You Came as Mary?"

did not even stir until I said how at the last she bought me the homely shoes and the plain dark suit so I could go as Mary, and be Mary when Aunt Jane first saw me get off the train.

When I said that, he dropped his hand and turned around and stared at me. And there was such a funny look in his eyes. Then he got up and began to walk up and down the piazza, muttering: "So you came as Mary, you came as Mary." Then, after a minute, he gave a funny little laugh and sat down.

Mrs. Small came up the front walk then to see Cousin Grace, and Father told her to go right into the library where Cousin Grace was. So we were left alone again, after a minute.

It was "most dark on the piazza, but I could see Father's face in the light from the window; and it looked—well, I'd never seen it look like that before. It was as if something that had been on it for years had dropped off and left it clear where before it had been blurred and indistinct. No, that doesn't exactly describe it either, I can't describe it. But I'll go on and say what he said.

After Mrs. Small had gone into the house, and he saw that she was sitting down with Cousin Grace in the library, he turned to me and said: "And so you came as Mary?"

"Well, I—I got ready for Marie," I said yes, I did.

"But then I didn't quite understand, not even when I looked at him and saw the old understanding twinkle in his eyes.

"You mean—you thought I was coming as Marie, of course," I said then.

"Yes," he nodded.

"But I came as Mary."

"I see now that you did. Well, Mary, you've told me your story, so I suppose I may as well tell you mine—now. You see, I not only got ready for Marie, but I had planned to keep her Marie, and not let her be Mary—at all."

And then he told me. He told me how he'd never forgotten that day in the parlor when I cried and he saw how hard it was for me to live here, with him so absorbed in his work and Aunt Jane so stern in her black dress. And he said I put a very

vividly when I talked about being Marie in Boston, and Mary here, and he saw just how it was. And so he thought and thought about it all winter, and wondered how he could do. And after a time it came to him—he'd let me be Marie here; that is, he'd try to make it so I could be Marie. And he was just wondering how he was going to get Aunt Jane to help him when she was sent for and asked to go to an old friend who was sick. And he told her to go, by all means to go. Then he got Cousin Grace to come here. He said he knew Cousin Grace, and he was sure she would know how to help him to let me stay Marie. So he talked it over with her—how they would let me laugh, and sing and play the piano all I wanted to, and wear the clothes I brought with me, and he just as near as I could be the way I was in Boston.

"And to think after all my preparation for Marie, you should be Mary already, when you came," he finished.

Father had covered his eyes with his hand, as if thinking and thinking, just as hard as he could. And I suppose it did seem queer to him, that he should be trying to make me Marie, and all the while Mother was trying to make me Mary. And it seemed so to me, as I began to think it over.

"And so your mother—did that," Father muttered; and there was the queer little catch in his breath again.

He didn't say any more, not a single word. And after a minute he got up and went into the house. But he didn't go into the library where Mrs. Small and Cousin Grace were talking. He went straight upstairs to his own room and shut the door. I heard it. And he was still there when I went up to bed afterward.

How do you suppose Mother's going to feel when I tell her that after all her pains Father didn't like it at all. He wanted me to be Marie, it's a shame, after all the pains she took. But I won't write it to her, anyway. Maybe I won't have to tell her, unless she asks me.

But I know it. And, pray, what am I to do? Of course, I can act like Marie here all right, if that is what folks want. But I can't wear Marie, for I haven't a single Marie thing here. They're all Mary. That's all I brought. Oh, dear, dear me! Why couldn't Father and Mother have been just the common live-happy-ever-after kind, or else found out before they married that they were unlikes?

SEPTEMBER

Well, vacation is over, and I go back to Boston tomorrow. It's been very nice and I've had a good time, in spite of being so mixed up as to whether I was Mary or Marie. It wasn't so bad as I was afraid it would be. Very soon after Father and I had that talk on the piazza, Cousin Grace took me down to the store and bought me two new white dresses, and the dearest little pair of shoes I ever saw. She said Father wanted me to have them.

And that's all—every single word that's been said about that Mary-and-Marie business. And even that didn't really say anything—not by name. And Cousin Grace never mentioned it again. And Father never mentioned it at all. Not a word.

Father's been queer. He's been awfully queer. Some days he's talked a lot with me—asked me questions just as he used to, all about what I did in Boston, and Mother, and the people that came there to see her, and everything. And he spoke of the violinist again, and, of course this time I told him all about him, and that he didn't come any more, nor Mr. Easterbrook, either; and Father was so interested! Why, it seemed sometimes as if he just couldn't hear enough about things. Then, all of a sudden, at times, he'd get right up in the middle of something I was saying and act as if he was just waiting for me to finish my sentence so he could go. And he did go, just as soon as I had finished my sentence. And after that, maybe, he wouldn't hardly speak to me again for a whole day.

And so that's why I say he's been so queer since that night on the piazza. But most of the time he's been lovely, perfectly lovely. And so has Cousin Grace. And I've had a beautiful time.

CHAPTER VIII

Which is the Real Love Story.

BOSTON. FOUR DAYS LATER.

Well, here I am again in Boston. Mother and the rest met me at the station, and everybody seemed glad to see me, just as they did before. And I was glad to see them. But I didn't feel anywhere near so excited, and sort of crazy, as I did last year. I tried to, but I couldn't. I don't know why. Maybe it was because I'd been Marie all summer, anyway, so I wasn't so crazy to be Marie now, not needing any rest from being Mary. Maybe it was 'cause I sort of hated to leave Father.

And I did hate to leave him, especially when I found he hated to have me leave him. And he did. He told me so at the junction. He asked me had I been a little happier there with him this year than last; and he said he hoped I had.

And I told him, of course I had; that it had been perfectly beautiful there, even if there had been such a mix-up of him getting ready for Marie, and Mother sending Mary. "And he laughed and looked queer—sort of half glad and half sorry; and said he shouldn't worry about that. Then the train came, and we got on and rode down to the junction. And there, while we were waiting for the other train, he told me how sorry he was to have me go.

He said I would never know how he

missed me after I went last year. He said you never knew how you missed things—and people—till they were gone. And I wondered if, by the way he said it, he wasn't thinking of Mother more than he was of me, and of her going long ago. And I told him I loved him dearly, and I had loved to be with him this summer, and that I'd stay his whole six months with him next year if he wanted me to.

He shook his head at that; but he did look happy and pleased, and said I'd never know how glad he was that I'd said that, and that he should prize it very highly—the love of his little daughter. He said you never know how to prize love, either, till you'd lost it; and he said he'd learned his lesson, and learned it well. I knew then, of course, that he was thinking of Mother and the long ago. And I felt so sorry for him.

"But I'll stay—I'll stay the whole six months next year!" I cried again.

But again he shook his head.

"No, no, my dear; I thank you, and I'd love to have you; but it is much better for you that you stay in Boston through the school year, and I want you to do it. It'll just make the three months I do have you all the dearer, because of the long nine months that I do not," he went on very cheerfully and briskly; "and don't look so solemn and long-faced. You're not to blame for this wretched situation."

The train came then, and he put me on board, and he kissed me again—but I was expecting it this time, of



The Train Came Then, and He Put Me on Board, and He Kissed Me Again—but I Was Expecting It This Time, of Course.

course. Then I whizzed off, and he was left standing all alone on the platform. And I felt so sorry for him; and all the way down to Boston I kept thinking of him—what he said, and how he looked, and how fine and splendid and any-woman-would-be-proud-of him he was as he stood on the platform waving good-by.

And so I guess I was still thinking of him and being sorry for him when I got to Boston. That's why I couldn't be so crazy and hilariously glad when the folks met me, I suspect. Some way, all of a sudden, I found myself wishing he could be there, too.

Of course, I know that that was bad and wicked and unkind to Mother, and she'd feel so grieved not to have me satisfied with her. And I wouldn't have told her of it for the world. So I tried just as hard as I could to forget him—on account of Mother, so as to be loyal to her. And I did "most forget him by the time I'd got home. But it all came back again a little later when we were unpacking my trunk.

You see, Mother found the two new white dresses, and the dear little shoes. I knew then, of course, that she'd have to know all—I mean, how she hadn't pleased Father, even after all her pains trying to have me go as Mary.

"Why, Marie, what in the world is this?" she demanded, holding up one of the new dresses.

I could have cried.

I suppose she saw by my face how awfully I felt 'cause she'd found it. And, of course, she saw something was the matter; and she thought it was—

Well, the first thing I knew she was looking at me in her very sternest, sorriest way, and saying: "Oh, Marie, how could you? I'm ashamed of you! Couldn't you wear the Mary dresses one little three months to please your father?"

I did cry, then. After all I'd been through, to have her accuse me of getting those "dresses! Well, I just couldn't stand it. And I told her so as well as I could, only I was crying so by now that I could hardly speak. I told her how it was hard enough to be Mary part of the time, and Marie part of the time, when I knew what they wanted me to be. But when she tried to have me Mary while he wanted me Marie, and he tried to have me Marie while she wanted me Mary—I did not know what they wanted; and I wished I had never been born unless I could have been born a plain Susie or Beattie, or Annabelle, and not a Mary-Marie that was all mixed up till I didn't know what I was.

And then I cried some more.

Mother dropped the dress then, and took me in her arms over the top of the couch, and she said, "There, there," and that I was tired and nervous, and all wrought up, and to cry all I wanted

to. And by and by, when I was calmer I could tell Mother all about it.

And I did.

I told her how hard I tried to be Mary all the way up to Andersonville and after I got there; and how then I found out, all of a sudden one day, that father had got ready for Marie, and he didn't want me to be Mary, and that was why he had got Cousin Grace and the automobile and the geraniums in the window, and, oh, everything that made it nice and comfy and homey. And then is when they bought me the new white dresses and the little white shoes. And I told Mother, of course, it was lovely to be Marie, and I liked it, only I knew she would feel bad to think, after all her pains to make me Mary, Father didn't want me Mary at all.

"I don't think you need to worry—about that," stammered Mother. "But, tell me, why—why did your father want you to be Marie and not Mary?"

And then I told her how he said he'd remembered what I'd said to him in the parlor that day—how tired I got being Mary, and how I'd put on Marie's things just to get a little vacation from her; and he said he'd never forgotten. And so when it came near time for me to come again, he determined to fix it so I wouldn't have to be Mary at all. And so that was why. And I told Mother it was all right, and of course I liked it; only it did mix me up awfully, not knowing which wanted me to be Mary now, and which Marie, when they were both telling me different from what they ever had before. And that it was hard, when you were trying just the best you knew how.

And I began to cry again.

And she said, "there, there, once more, and patted me on my shoulder, and told me I needn't worry any more. And that she understood it, if I didn't. In fact, she was beginning to understand a lot of things that she'd never understood before. And she said it was very, very dear of Father to do what he did, and that I needn't worry about her being displeased at it. That she was pleased, and that she believed he meant her to be. And she said I needn't think any more whether to be Mary or Marie; but to be just a good, loving little daughter to both of them; and that was all she asked, and she was very sure it was all Father would ask, too.

I told her then how I thought he did care a little about having me there, and that I knew he was going to miss me. And I told her why—what he'd said that morning in the junction—about appreciating love, and not missing things or people until you didn't have them; and how he'd learned his lesson, and all that.

And Mother grew all flushed and rosy again, but she was pleased. I knew she was. And she said some beautiful things about making other people happy, instead of looking to ourselves all the time, just as she had talked once, before I went away. And I felt again that hushed, stained-window, soft-music, everybody-kneeling kind of a way; and I was so happy! And it lasted all the rest of that evening till I went to sleep.

And for the first time a beautiful idea came to me, when I thought how Mother was trying to please Father, and he was trying to please her. Wouldn't it be perfectly lovely and wonderful if Father and Mother should fall in love with each other all over again, and get married? I guess then this would be a love story all right, all right!

OCTOBER

Oh, how I wish that stained-window, everybody-kneeling feeling would last. But it never does. Just the next morning, when I woke up, it rained. And I didn't feel pleased a bit. Still I remembered what had happened the night before, and a real glow came over me at the beautiful idea I had gone to sleep with.

I wanted to tell Mother, and ask her if it couldn't be, and wouldn't she let it be, if Father would. So, without waiting to dress me, I hurried across the hall to her room and told her all about it—my idea, and everything.

But she said, "Nonsense," and, "Hush, hush," when I asked her if she and Father couldn't fall in love all over again and get married. And she said not to get silly notions into my head. And she wasn't a bit flushed and teary, as she had been the night before, and she didn't talk at all as she had then, either. And it's been that way ever since. Things have gone along in just the usual humdrum way, and she's never been the same as she was that night I came.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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NOTICE OF THE FORMATION OF PAVING DISTRICT NO. 16 IN THE CITY OF NORTH PLATTE, NEBRASKA.

To the owners of the record title all property adjacent to or abutting upon the streets hereinafter described and all person interested therein:

You and each of you are hereby notified that the Mayor and City Council of the city of North Platte did under date of June 20, 1922 pass and approve a certain ordinance forming and creating paving district No. 16 of the city of North Platte, Lincoln County, Nebraska. And that the following streets including the intersections thereof within the limits of the city are comprised within said paving district, to-wit: All that portion of Eighth Street commencing at the west line of the intersection of Eighth and Locust Streets in the said city of North Platte, thence running west along said Eighth Street to the East line of the intersection of said Eighth Street and Augusta Avenue of the city of North Platte, Lincoln County, Nebraska, there to terminate.

Unless objections are filed as required by statute within twenty days from the first publication of this notice, the Mayor and City Council shall proceed to construct such paving.

Dated this 2nd day of June, 1922.

E. H. EVANS Mayor
City Clerk.

(SEAL)

W. E. Shuman, Attorney
To Addison E. Erb, executor of the estate of Henry B. Erb, deceased, Addison B. Erb and Elizabeth Erb, his wife, Genora E. Bennethum and Clinton Bennethum, her husband, Linnie Kirk and Reuben Kirk, her husband, Harry Erb and Donald Graff, a minor.

You and each of you are hereby notified that the First National Bank of Freeport, Illinois, a corporation, commenced an action in the District Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska, on May 29, 1922 against you and each of you as defendants, the object and prayer of the petition filed in said action being to foreclose a certain mortgage made, executed and delivered by one Henry B. Erb (since deceased) to the First National Bank of Freeport, Illinois, a corporation, on May 14, 1920 and which mortgage was given to secure payment of a note in the principal sum of Fifteen Hundred and no [100] dollars (\$1,500) bearing the same date and with interest at 7% per annum from said date, the said mortgage conveying to the said plaintiff as security for the payment of said debt, all of the Northwest Quarter (NW¼) of section Five (5) in Township Fifteen (15) North of Range Thirty (30) West of 6 p. m. in Lincoln County, Nebraska, and being recorded on May 21, 1920 in Mortgage Record 56 at Page 9 of the Records of Lincoln County, Nebraska and to cause the said premises to be sold to satisfy the amount due upon said mortgage and to bar the defendants and each of them from all interests, rights, title and equity of redemption in the said premises.

You are required to answer said petition on or before the 17th day of July, 1922.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF FREEPORT, ILLINOIS, A Corporation.

By—Wm. E. Shuman
Its Attorney

PRIMARY ELECTION

By virtue of the authority vested in me by law and in accordance with Section 2159 of the Revised Statutes of Nebraska, I, A. S. Allen, County Clerk of Lincoln County, State of Nebraska, do hereby direct and proclaim that a Primary Election be held in the several voting places within Lincoln County, State of Nebraska, on Tuesday the 18th day of July 1922, during the hours dictated by law for the following purposes, to-wit—

For the nomination by each of the political parties one candidate for United States Senator.

For the non-political nomination of two candidates for Judge of the Supreme Court for the Sixth Supreme Court Judicial District as provided by the Constitution of the State of Nebraska.

For the nomination by each of the political parties of one candidate for Congressman from the Sixth Congressional District within the State of Nebraska.

For the nomination by each of the political parties of the following candidates for State Offices, to-wit—

One Governor
One Lieutenant Governor
One Secretary of State.
One Auditor of Public Accounts
One State Treasurer
One Attorney General
One Commissioner of Public Lands and Buildings.
One Railway Commissioner

For the non-political nomination of two candidates for State Superintendent of Public Instruction, as provided by law.

For the nomination by each of the political parties one candidate for State Senator from the 30th Senatorial District as apportioned by the Session laws of 1921.

For the nomination by each of the political parties of one candidate for the State Representative from the 89th District as apportioned by the Session Laws of 1921.

For the nomination by each of the political parties of one candidate for State Representative from the 90th District as apportioned by the Session Laws of 1921.

For the nomination by each of the political parties of one candidate for County Offices, to-wit—

One County Clerk
One County Treasurer
One Register of Deeds
One Sheriff
One County Attorney
One County Surveyor
One County Commissioner from the 2nd District.

For the non-political nomination of two candidates for County Superintendent of Public Instruction, as provided by law.

Polls will open at 8 a. m. and remain open until 8 p. m. of the same day.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal this 26th day of May, A. D. 1922.

A. S. Allen
County Clerk

(SEAL)